

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO. 36.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1800.

WHOLE NO. 608.

EDRIC OF THE FOREST.

A ROMANCE.
CONCLUDED.

HIS voice faltered as he spoke, and he leaned his head, for support, against the shoulder of Edric, who fervently sympathized with him, and reassured him of his readiness to watch that night in the west tower. The Baron, overwhelmed him with acknowledgement; and at the hour of ten Edric stationed himself in the chosen spot. The room in which he was appointed to watch, was large, gloomy, and ill furnished. It had been the Baron's sleeping chamber, at the time of his first residence in the Castle; but having been obliged, from the uncommon sounds continually heard there, to abandon it, the furniture had been gradually stripped from it, and the whole so mutilated and defaced, as scarcely to retain any traces of its former magnificence. The casements had long deserted the lofty grated windows, and swallows, as well as spiders, had begun to claim it as their right. A blazing fire now re-illuminated the long deserted chimney, by which Edric seated himself, and the old decayed hangings waved to and fro with the draught it occasioned; the wind sighed in dismal blasts through the battlements, and the clock struck eleven. Edric now tasted some of the refreshments set before him by the Baron, who had been obliged himself to bring them hither, no servant being willing to approach that side of the building. His spirits, in spite of his efforts to prevent it, began to sink, and he indulged himself in mournful reflections on his beloved Eleanor, when a faint groan, not many paces from him, caught his ear: he started, listened; but all was still. Attributing it to his own lowness of spirits, he swallowed another glass of wine; examined the locks of two pistols, which lay on the table before him; replenished his lamp, and again betook himself to meditation; when a second groan effectually roused him. He sprang from his seat, and scrupulously examined every part of the apartment; but his search was fruitless, and he again returned to his chair.

The deep and awful sound of the Castle bell, tolling the midnight hour, reverberated through every vaulted roof and dreary passage of the venerable building; yet the heart of Edric remained unappalled, all his present thoughts centering in his own adverse fortunes: till at length, almost stupefied by the impetuous working of his imagination, he fell into a perturbed slumber; his mind, harassed by the preceding events, still conjured up disturbing images: he fancied he beheld his guardian falling beneath the sword of an assassin, and in a moment, by his superior agility, he rescued him.—Again, he believed himself in possession of vast domains; his Eleanor came to welcome him; his arms expanded to embrace her, and he felt he grasped a substantial being!—Awaking with a sudden start, he found himself encircled in the embrace of a figure, whose hideous form at first appalled his feathered fenses. His blood chilled for an instant, but returning courage soon animated him, and seizing his dirk, would have plunged it into the heart of the stranger; who, perceiving his intention, hastily drew

back, and displayed his bosom already weltering in gore. The unnerved arm of Edric dropped the weapon, which the other as hastily snatched from the ground, and, surveying it attentively, uttered a wild cry of surprise and horror, and fainted away. Edric did not call for assistance, lest there should be a party of ruffians concealed, whom his noise might alarm, but alone endeavored all he could to bring the stranger to recollection, when, with a look of despair, he exclaimed—"I am dying: let the Baron Waldeck be summoned, that I may, before my death, confess to him a piece of villainy, in which he is nearly concerned."

Losing all other apprehension of danger in his fear of the poor wretch dying without assistance, Edric laid him on the bed, and instantly sought the Baron, who, with two domestics, tremblingly repaired to the haunted chamber. They advanced to the bed-side: the stranger raised his head, and, with a deep sigh, gazed around him.

"Orlando!" exclaimed the Baron, starting back with affright—"are you, then, my hideous foe?"

"I was," replied Orlando, in a mournful tone: "but the hour of retribution is arrived. Listen—oh, listen, while I have yet strength to relate a tale of guilt!"

All were profoundly attentive: and he proceeded.

"Fifteen years of estrangement cannot have obliterated from your remembrance our former friendship. I had a sister, beautiful in form as odious in disposition: her passion for you was violent, and you disregarded her: you married one of inferior fortune, of superior endowments. I beheld her with eyes of desire, and the revengeful machinations of the slighted Miranda taught my soul to glow with equal thirst of vengeance. The chaste Editha disdained my overtures, but her fear of giving grief to you restrained her accusation of your friend. Miranda, inspired with the hope, that the hated bar to her happiness once removed, she should secure you, entered with avidity into the most diabolical plot ever formed in the mind of man; which was, the forcibly carrying away your wife, and the destruction of your infant! Fearing to trust another with our scheme, I undertook the infernal office—I plunged that dirk in the bosom of the helpless babe; but from an unseen hand received a pistol-shot that leveled me to the earth."

Here the exclamation of Edric interrupted the narrator, who, baring his breast, displayed the scar; and, falling at the feet of the Baron, cried in an extacy of transport—"I am your son!"

New life seemed to rush through every vein of the Baron, as he strained him to his breast; but the Count Orlando waving his hand, again expressed his wish of proceeding—"Your wife was conveyed to a gloomy fortress, some miles distant, where I tried by every art I was master of to win her to my purpose, in vain. Miranda was equally unsuccessful in inspiring you with the sentiments she wished; when, in a paroxysm of rage, she raised the dagger against you, which you detected—she fled to me for refuge; but, alas! I shuddered to repeat the horrid catastrophe!

Unsatiated vengeance will find vent; and the injured, angelic Editha fell a victim to the infernal passion of her own sex!—She perished by poison, which this guilty hand administered. Into what a sea of blood was I plunged! Remorseless conscience still haunted me, and I turned my vengeance against her who had instigated me to perpetrate crimes, at the bare mention of which my soul once revolted. Again were my hands imbrued in blood!—I fled the fortress, as though I would fly from myself, and joined a party of murderers who forage the country. Knowing all the avenues of this Castle, I recommended them to a subterraneous pass adjoing it, as a place of safe concealment; but to ensure all in greater perfection, it was judged expedient, by odd sounds and dreadful noises, to intimidate the inhabitants of the Castle from occupying that part of it adjoing the passages leading to our cave. The report of its being haunted gained but too ready credibility among a set of ignorant, superstitious people; and the disappearance of your wife, murderer of your child, and extraordinary conduct of Miranda, gave a horrid colouring to the suspicions excited against you. Little remains to tell—
in consequence of some plunder, about which we disputed, a battle among our party ensued; and after a most horrid slaughter part of the set fled, and I was left wounded as you see. A faint hope of yet making atonement for my transgressions inspired me, and I crawled hither and, oh, may my guilty career prove, that happiness is never to be obtained by treachery, or a vain attempt to counteract the intentions of our Supreme Guide. I die a repentant sinner; but I feel my crimes have been too great!"

Strong convulsions choked his utterance, and, in spite of all medical assistance, which was immediately procured, after suffering three hours of unspeakable torture, he expired.—As soon as they could with decency after the interment of Orlando, which was done as secret as possible, the remains of the Baroness were brought from the fortress, and deposited in consecrated ground. This melancholy rite for a while revived the grief of Waldeck, but the pious and soothing consolations of his son taught him a proper estimation of the blessing he possessed, and he was soon restored to happiness.

Edric, now every obstacle was removed likely to impede his union with Eleanor, entreated his father's permission to seek her, to try whether she still loved him: this obtained, he hastened to the Castle. The Count received him with open arms; told him that many noble, illustrious suitors had presented themselves to Eleanor, but, for Edric, she had refused them all. He led him to her. She received him with transports of chaste love; and when he unfolded to them the discovered mystery, the Count taking the hand of his niece joined it with that of Edric; assuring them, that his happiness was complete, now that he could, with honor to himself, confer it upon them. "But, my dear child," he added, turning to Edric, "let me suggest one idea to you:—the inglorious event of the service you were lately in, renders it highly necessary that you should again exert your

arm against the rebels, nor secure your own private safe, when your country is in trouble. I would have my Edric shine no less splendid in public than in private life."

"You have anticipated my wishes," cried Edric, glowing with heroic ardor. "I will only to secure the prize, for the obtaining of which life was alone to me valuable. In the expectation of this sweet reward, my courage will be invincible; and as I expect my father hourly intimes, an uninvited visitor, to see and confirm my choice, I wait only his conset to fly to the performance of my duty."

Sentiments so congenial to his own filled the Count with unconcealed admiration, which the approving presence of Waldeck confirmed. He beheld the lovely, blushing Lady Eleanor, with the partiality of a father, and longed ardently for the hour that should be secured to his Edric; on whom he bestowed, at his departure, his fondest blessing.

No more an obscure wanderer, did the now happy son of the Baron seek to rush into the arms of death, under the banners of the Duke of Cumberland. He raised his name in the annals of fame, and the country sung with just praises of the youthful warrior. On the happy termination of the rebellion he was presented to royalty; from whose hands, in token of gratitude for his signal services, he received the honor of Knighthood, and returned a happy victor to his Eleanor's arms. Their union was now no longer deferred; the humblest peasant for miles round partook of the general festivity; and the wonderful history of Sir Edric became the theme of the village mothers in their infant foy, shewing them, how courage, fortitude, and virtue, were rewarded. Age, instead of detracting, added lustre to the beauty of the fond couple. Calm, serene, and virtuous innocence sat on their brow; and when the evening of life closed in upon them, they sank as into the flames of a peaceful sleep, till their spotless souls waked into a happy futurity!

MORE IS MEANT THAN SAID.

"A delightful province of Persia, through which the river-stream of Gondar scattered fertility, the earth seemed to have opened her bosom to the sons of mortality: high mountains defended them from the incursions of the savage Tatars, and they slept in the lap of security and ease. A thousand birds fanned the air with their exulting wings; a thousand perfumes breathed their odoriferous incense, and ten thousand people throned bellings on their Sultan; who contented himself with what was sufficient for the necessities of the state, without keeping in pay a host of vipers, who only suck the blood of the people, and vent their noxious venom on their masters.

The inhabitants of this happy province enjoyed the fruits of their labor, and their children, in place of burdening them with accumulated wants, added to their blessings, and increased their stores. But, this scene was quickly changed, when the indolent, voluptuous, and ignorant Ofman ascended the throne; he committed every thing to the care of a rapacious Vizier, a noble robber, who feasted his women, his informers, his parasites, and his dogs, with the plunder of the unhappy people. He dragged the heads of families to sack other provinces; he sold the laborer in shackles, and urged him with whips to provide luxury for his minions; and nearly depopulated their once fertile plains by his extortions.

The labor of the peasant no longer supplied his daily bread; thousands fled into the deserts, and thousands perished for want. Cultivation languished. The iron tree neglected; the plantations of rice exhibited the poverty of the people, whose meagre looks and haggard eyes, spoke variety of woes.

It happened one day that Ofman, having lost himself in the chafe, wandering, in danger of perishing, over a track, that not long before had bloomed with vegetation, but was now sterile and waste. He was accosted by a philosopher, whose hut had escaped the universal devastation. The philosopher knew the monarch (and, without betraying that knowledge) led him into discourse on the present times. "Ten years ago," said he, "this spot, which is now covered with briars, produced corn and fruit; that heap of ruins was a delightful village, where the young and the old sang for joy. But now the land is deluged with misery. Famine stalks us in the face, and we no longer know what it is to live for ourselves."

"And what is the reason of this," said the Sultan, dropping a tear at the misery of the people. The philosopher sighed, remained silent, and pointed the Prince the way to his palace.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

IMITATION OF PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF HORACE.

"Vides, ut alta flet nive candidum
"Soror." HOR.

AH! see, my friend, how white with falling snow,
The "cloud cap" mountain towers above the plain;
See, where the lazy stream has creas'd to flow,
Fall bound in frozen Winter's icy chain.

Now while the raging storm obscures the sky,
And Nature mourns her blooming honors waste;
While swift the tim'rous birds to shelter fly,
And happy peasants to the hamlet hale.

In joyous mirth the fleeting hours we'll pass,
Nor rail at Fortune, nor at Fate repine;
With such Falernau fill the sparkling glass,
And chant to Bacchus, as we quaff the wine.

What tho' the tempest sweeps the troubled deep,
And leafless flocks shrink with chilling dread;
Soon shall the stormy winds be hush'd in sleep,
And not a willow wave its verdant head.

CORYDON.

THE WHITE CLOVER AND VIOLET.

WHILE morning's humid odors round me breathe,
And dewy globules on each blooming thine,
Come, let me once more weave a flowery wreath,
And the fair spouse around my temples twine,
I will not pluck the balmy damask Rose,
Let Pleasure's offspring her bright mornures wear,
Nor yet the vivid Tulip will I choose,
Alas! it ill behoves the brow of care.

Rich cultur'd Flowers! your beauties are not spread
For me--no I will wait for some vale
Where the pale Violet hangs her penitent head,
And the White Clover scents the early gale,
Poor humore Plants, to every blast expos'd
That roars along the storm-clad winter sky,
Unsheath'd by the hand of care, unheard,
And trodden down by every pulse by.

Yet when the russet storm hath done its worst,
And weary, links below the smiles of spring,
From the green sod with eager joy you burst,
And hate your tributary sweets to bring,
And from the foot that crush'd your fragile forms,
Slowly again the slender stem appear,
To Pausie true--though o'er your injured charms
Each verdant bower drops a limpid tear,
Oh may such phantacy of soul be mine,
When low I bow before Affliction's frown;
When agonizing cares and griefs combine,
With deadly weight to press my spirit down.
Sweet Flowers! I'll bear you from your humble bed,
And for the valued lesson you impart
I will not twine you round an aching head,
But place you most devoutly near my heart.

Brooklyn, June 10, 1800.

ANNA.

TO A MOTHER TENDERLY BELOVED.

OH! thou dear fountain, whence my life arose,
Which, rich in blessings, still unceasing flows,
Accept my verse, and let my thanks be heard,
For all thy pain endur'd----thy gifts conferr'd
O! let a duecon for his feelings speak,
While tears of gratitude bedew his cheek,
It but a gloom my infant face opprest,
A pang maternal wrung the anxious breast,
A secret joy thro' thy glad bosom flew,
As, year on year, my rising stature grew.
'Twas time to guide my infant heart to truth,
'Twas thine to turn to virtuous deeds my youth,
Oft blow'd instruction from thy fusive tongue,
While on thy arm attentively I hung.
How can I pay the debt immense----or where
Begin my gratitude for all thy care?
For ever let thy name my soul inspire,
Thy happiness remain my chief desire:
Thy precepts still my utmost care employ--
To bear, my duty----to obey, my joy.

THE CHASTE NUN.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the primitive ages of Islamism, when every soul was inspired with religious ardor, Mirwan, the Arabian General, led his victorious arms through the fertile plains of Egypt, and at last laid siege to Alexandria; the people and garrison of which were so awed and panic-struck by the unexampled bravery and enthusiasm of the Arabian soldiers, that, after a feeble resistance, they consented to deliver up the city to the conqueror, on the "humble terms" of life and slavery;--upon which all the avenues were filled with armed men; the Monks were forced from their cloisters, as well to make room for their new masters, as to save themselves from their fury. Mirwan, having thus deprived the citizens of all hope of liberty, caused the prisoners to be brought before him; among whom was a young lady, whose beauty particularly attracted his attention; upon enquiry, he was informed her name was Zaine, and that she had taken the veil a short time before his arrival. Notwithstanding this he ordered her to his tent, where he offered her his hand, and at the same time promised to dismiss all his other women. Though her heart quivered at the proposal, yet, perceiving the impossibility of escaping, she replied--

"My Lord, I am surprised to hear you talk of marriage when all things are in this state of confusion, and while there are so many conspiracies against your life! But, to convince your Highness that your addressees are not received with indifference, I must inform you that I have an amulet, which will render you, or any other person who use it, invulnerable."

Mirwan replied--"I know the perfidy of the Christians; and, as thou art one of them, how can I ascertain the truth of this assertion?"

She exclaimed--"Make the first experiment upon me!" Then producing a box, and rubbing some round her neck, she bade him strike. He obeyed, and instantly severed her head from her body. The General was deeply affected with the pious heroism of the dead; and, finally, convinced how little he valued her life when placed in competition with her honor, ever after treated Christians with more humanity, and secretly became a convert to that faith which herself prevented him from openly confessing.

THE COVETOUS MAN.

A PERSIAN merchant who had acquired immense riches by traffic, discoursing with a Deviche, told him, that he intended to leave off trading; but that he wished to make one journey more. "Son," said the Deviche, "you have already spent the greatest part of your life in travel; what journey do you propose to make before you settle?" The merchant answered, that he meant to trade with Sipher into China; "from thence (said he) I will bring China-ware to sell in Greece; and from Greece, I will carry stuffs of gold to the Indies; from the Indies, I will bring steel to Halep; from Halep, I will trade with glass into Arabia Felix; and from Arabia Felix, I will bring painted cloths into Persia; and when I have done this, I will bid farewell to trade, and"----"Hold," said the Deviche, "there is but one thing capable of filling the covetous man's eye--the earth which is thrown upon him after his death."

ANECDOTE.

ALPHONZO, King of Arragon, was one day admiring the different articles in his jeweller's shop, with many of his favorite women. He had scarce left the house, when the jeweller missed a diamond of great value, and ran after him, complaining of the theft. The King not willing publicly to disgrace any one of his attendants, commanded a large basin full of sand to be brought him, into which he made each of his women put her hand clinched, and draw it out flat. By this means the diamond was left in the sand, unknown by whom.

SCRAPS.

COURTSHIP is sometimes, the farce of love, and is never so ridiculous, as when a Coquet is solicited by a Coxcomb. It then resembles Dr. Young's fantastic chafe, "A shadow hunting a shade."

ALPHONSO, King of Arragon, says, that to make a marriage happy, the husband should be deaf, and the wife blind; that he should not hear the reproaches of his wife, nor she see the errors of her husband,

SONNET.

BOFT through the woodland glads the Summer gale,
With many a hue the verdant landscape glows;
And breathing sweets along the cultur'd vale,
Steal the fresh fragrance of the blushing rose.
The roaring billows of the stormy deep,
Hush'd to repose, their hoarse sage forbear;
And the low winds on the calm surface sleep,
Cooling the ardor of the tepid air.
No Summer scenes, alas, no vermil bloom,
Sooth the sick soul, by every ill opprest'd;
To wander cheerless through the midnight gloom,
To brave the terrors of the wintry blast,
(Whose swelling gulls ideal woes impart.)
Are scenes more fitted--for a broken heart.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1800.

Captain Matheron, who arrived here on Sunday last, on his passage from Kingston to the Bay of Honduras, was boarded by a Spanish privateer who took out all his hands except the conk; and after detaining him four hours, sent him on board again with a prize master and six hands, with orders to proceed to the Havannah. A vessel of formidable appearance heaving to sight immediately after they got under way, which they took to be English, and fearing they might be overhauled and called to account for their practical conduct, determined them to quit Captain Matheron, after robbing him of 800 dollars, two bales of clothing, several coils of ropes, blocks, paints and a number of other small articles.

Thursday evening arrived here the brig Hope, Captain Nichols, of Derby, in 16 days from St. Kitts. Dr. Tilson, late surgeon of the brig Ariel, Coast, from Canton to Philadelphia, came passenger in this brig. We are concerned to state, that he brings a confirmation of the fate of the Ariel; which vessel was captured on the 5th of May, by the French privateer Donnede, of 12 guns, and 100 men, and the Harmony, of 10 guns and 97 men, after a small engagement of one hour, in which the Ariel had two men killed, and three wounded. Captain Coast received a ball in the back and Mr. Bruger, of this city, who also behaved with great gallantry during the action, was wounded by a musket ball which entered his back, and came out of his chin. The loss of the privateer was not known. The Ariel arrived at Gaudaloupe the 20th May, and part of her cargo sold before our informant left that place.

The frigate Philadelphia, Captain Decatur, and the Adams, Captain Morris, were cruising in company to leeward of Gaudaloupe, the 20th May last--all well--The Philadelphia fails fast.

The American ship Austrian, from Ligua to Philadelphia, with cocoa, is captured by the British ship of war L'Amable, and carried into Port Royal, Jamaica.

Mr. John Deman, of N. Kingston, Rhode-Island, informs, that he was one of the hands on board the schooner Abigail, of N. Kingston, bound from Norfolk to Turk's Islands; that on the 23d day of May, in lat. 38° 12' and 1° 10' south of Newport, they were boarded by two French privateer schooners, 14 and 16 guns each. After plundering the ship, put on board 20 prisoners, and informed them that there were four more privateers out cruising to the Northward, viz. two brigs, 25 guns each, two schooners, 16 and 8 guns. The 8 gun ship was from Porto Rico and the other from Gaudaloupe. They said they intended coming to 40 degrees North, and were cruising for Indians; that they had captured two Americans the day before, and had burnt one and put the people on board the other; and had also taken an English brig returning to New-York, which they burnt.

In the Minerva, Capt. Dundam, arrived at Baltimore from Cape Francois, came passengers 2 sailors by the names of Thomas White and John Brown, formerly belonging to the ship Industry from Boston, loaded with fish and lumber, and commanded by Captain Shubal Cope, who made the following declaration: that on the 21st May, the mate discovered a leak in the vessel, and as the hole was so

incumbered as to render it impossible to get at it, they were obliged to keep the pumps going night and day until the 27th, when the leak stopped. The crew then took to their boat, which being very small and the sea rough, they lived but a few minutes, and sunk--they were then obliged to seek safety by swimming. The Captain, Mate, and two sailors were drowned, and none but the two above mentioned were saved, who swam to land at Angelique, when they got to a Spanish gentleman, from thence to Mounts Christi, from thence to Cape Francois and Baltimore.

Last week, a child between three and four years old, a son of Mr. Ousey, of Brunswick, N. J. being in a room by himself in which there was a bottle of brandy, drank a large quantity of it before he was discovered--notwithstanding every possible medical aid was given, he expired after a few hours.

The legislature of Connecticut have just ended their spring session. They have passed ten acts, one of which is, "an act to prevent theatrical shows and exhibitions."

Extract from a Paris news paper, called the *Le Publiciste*, of the 21st Vendome, Year 8, (March 21,) 1800.

TRANSLATION.

The Ministers Plenipotentiary of the United States were presented, on the 17th, to the First Consul, by the Minister of Foreign Relations. They were extremely struck with the likeness, which they observed in the figure, manner and language of Buonaparte and Hamilton, one of their first warriors and flattemen; the same expression of countenance, the same precision in conversation.

The honors rendered to Washington by the First Consul sensibly affected them.

From a London paper.

FALL OF WRITTLE CHURCH.

On Friday last at noon, the North-west corner of the venerable tower of Writtle Church, in Essex, which had stood for long time past evident marks of decay, came down with a most tremendous crash. The remainder of the tower, having lost the support of this corner and its buttress, opened to the eye of the astonished beholder a scene which imagination alone can form. The bells were seen hanging in the steeples, suspended in the shattered and momentary crumbling fragment of the then still venerable pile; the clock revolved in an unusual manner; and thus related the scene until the hour of twelve at night, about which time the North part of the east, and the whole of the west side, beat to the hand of time, hurling in its course the bells and clock-work, and converted in an instant, that once majestic into its pristine brittle state. The jangling of the former was to the inhabitants a sure token of its total destruction. The body of the church, previous to that moment had received no damage; but a part of the east side falling upon the roof forced its way through to the ringing gallery, carrying in its course great sheets of lead, the weight of the stones from the tower, which was about twenty eight yards in height, dealt destruction in their course, crushing to atoms the gallery and seats beneath.

LONDON, April 15.

MURDER.

On Monday evening one Richard Dart, a grocer, in St. James's-street, Portsea, was found murdered behind his counter. On examining him, two wounds were discovered at the back part of his head, and the skull very much fractured. From the form of the wounds it is supposed he was murdered by his own sugar-hatchet, by some persons who had either found an opportunity of secreting themselves in the evening, or had broke into his house during the night. As he had no inmates in his house, nor intercourse with any person, except his Uncle, who had access to his shop, this relative was taken on suspicion into custody, and, on being examined by the Coroner's Inquest, such circumstances appeared as to cause him to be committed to Winchester goal for trial. The verdict of the Jury was--"Willful Murder against some person or persons unknown."

JUST PUBLISHED,
and for sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

A NEW TREATISE
ON ASTRONOMY AND PHYSIC,
By Dr. JOSIAH YOUNG, M. D.,
New-York,

COURT OF HYMEN.

MAY Heaven propitious ev'ry ill repel,
Each year encrease their mutual happiness;
May purest joys on all their lives attend,
And all their virtues to their race descend!

MARRIED

On Wednesday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Bishop Provoost, JACOB OGDEN MACKIE, Esq. to Miss JANE M. SHAW, daughter of John Shaw, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, to Mrs. MARY HARRIS BROOK, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Leonard Mr. PARSAVEL PLACE, to Miss ELIZABETH CONVEY, daughter of Mr. William Convey, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. DAVID RAWN, principal Clerk in the Treasury Department, to Miss ELIZA CHEYNEY, of Delaware County.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. G. Seixas, Mr. ISAAC MOSES, of Charlestown, (S. C.) merchant, to Miss ESTHER ISAACS, daughter of the late Mr. Moses Isaacs, of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Matilda's EPIGRAM is too personal--we cannot, consistent with our plan, insert it. The SONNET on BONDAGE does not possess sufficient merit. The favors from A shall be attended to.

Lottery.

TICKETS REGISTERED and EXAMINED during the drawing of the LOTTERY, at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

13 A few Tickets yet for sale.

JUST PUBLISHED,
and for sale at John Harrington's Book-Store, Peck-Slip,

THE FIRST VOLUME OF

POEMS,

BY SAMUEL LOW.

14 The second volume is now in the press.

PROPOSALS,
By JOHN TISBURY, No. 246 Water-street, New-York,
for publishing by subscription--

TRAVELS,
In the interior Districts of AFRICA, performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association,
in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797--

By MUNGO PARK, Surgeon;
With an Appendix, containing Geographical Illustrations of Africa, by Major Rennell.

CONDITIONS.

The work shall be printed with an entire new type, and on fine paper, in an Octavo size, of about 500 pages.

It will be accompanied with a Map descriptive of the route pursued by Mr. Park over the Delays of Africa--and delivered to Subscribers, handsomely bound and lettered, at a dis. and 50 Cts.

Subscriptions received by the publisher, 246 Water-street, and at this Office.

N. B. The London Edition in Quarto, sells at Twelve and a half dollars.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the subscribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Island to Catharine-Slip, commonly called the NEW FERRY--And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the strictest attention on both sides, by

STANTON and WATERFERRY.

New-York, May 10.

os. ff

WANTED,
A BLACK BOY between twelve and sixteen years of age, to wait upon a Gentleman--He wants him bound for a term of years, and will give him schooling. Enquire of the Printer.

May 10.



COURT of APOLLO.

MASONIC SONG, FOR ST. JOHN'S DAY.

I SING of Mason's glory,
Renown'd thro' history's pages;
Whose mystic light, resplendent bright,
Will thine to latest ages!
Still in amaze,
The world may gaze,
And pose upon our mystery;
They'll ne'er define,
The Word or Sign,
Of the Free-born Sons of Masonry.
We boast each gen'rous virtue,
By which our nature's mended;
The enquiring mind, in us will find,
The man and CHRISTIAN blended!
Hail! Heav'n-born art,
That fills the heart
With Faith divine, and Charity,
We beliefs the hour,
That gave us pow'r,
To view the Light of Masonry!
Behind the seat of Wisdom,
Adorn'd by matchless Beauty;
See strength supports, our temples' courts,
Whilst steady to our duty,
With hearts sincere,
My brethren dear,
We celebrate our Patron's day;
Whilst friendship's bands
Unite our hands,
In Peace, in Love, and Harmony!

THE KISS

BEHOLD, my fair, the loaded bee,
Rich with the spoil of many a flower!
Then mark if any trace you see,
Where the fly thief impish'd his power.
No, not each flower is thine the same,
The same in color, form and smell;
You know not whence the booty came;
Yet it is HONEY---bees can tell.
CLARISSA, cease then to repine
At my too fondly ravish'd kiss;
To me it was a bliss divine---
And you left nothing you can miss.

ANECDOCE.

AN Irish gentleman in London who was very partial to new bread, ordered from his Baker, the day before the prohibition took place, a large quantity of new bread, as a stock for some time to come, it being the last day on which new bread could be purchased.

MINIATURE PAINTING.

MR. PARISEN respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that, from his late improvement in that art, and the great success he has had in the likenesses he has lately taken, he will engage to draw the most perfect likeness, and finely painted in miniature. Should any of his pictures not prove properly satisfactory in regard to the likenesses or painting, Mr. P. will request no compensation for his trouble -----Profiles, and all kinds of hair devices, neatly executed. No. 253 William-street. 94 tf

Mrs. SAUNDERS

Has removed her MILINARY from No. 13 to No. 141 William-street, (the house lately occupied by Mr. Benjamin L. Moore) where her customers and others may be supplied as usual, with the following articles, on the lowest terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimp and Trimmings, Frogs and Rosets for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waist---with a general assortment of Military as usual. NB. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above business. May 3. 1f

MORALIST.

GRATITUDE.

AS the branches of a tree return their sap to the root from whence it arose; as a river poureth his streams to the sea, where his spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

The hands of the generous man is like the clouds of Heaven, which drop upon the earth, fruits, herbage, and flowers: but the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the flowers that fall, and burrieth them in its bosom, and produceth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor, neither strive to conceal the benefit he hath conferred; for though the act of generosity commandeth admiration, yet the humility of gratitude toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man.

But receive not a favor from the hands of the proud: to the selfish and avaricious have no obligation; the vanity of pride shall expose thee to shame, the greediness of avarice shall never be satisfied.

WANTED.

A Journeyman Cabinet Maker, and an Apprentice to the Cabinet Making Business---Enquire of A. Anderson, no. 50 Beekman street, who has for sale, a general assortment of the most fashionable Furniture. 87 tf

M. WATSON

INFORMS the public, she has opened the Store, no. 24 Maiden-Lane, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready Made Linen, of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms.

NB. Clothiers, and others, supplied with any quantity, on the shortest notice. 97 tf

SOMERVILLE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The following New Novels are just received:

AZALAIS and AIMER, a Provençal History of the 15th century, 3 vols. EMILY of LUCERNE, a Novel, by the author of the Duke of Clarence, 2 vols. FEUDAL EVENTS, or Days of Yore, 2 vols. HENRY of Northumberland, or the Hermit's Cell, a Tale of the 15th century, 3 vols. HARCOAT, a Novel, by the author of the Mysterious Wife, 4 vols. MAD MAN of the MOUNTAIN, a Tale, 2 vols. ROMANCE of the CASTLE, 2 vols. May 10.

A MORNING SCHOOL,

FROM 6 till 8, A. M., where YOUNG LADIES who wish to improve in Reading, English Grammar, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, the Elements of Astronomy and Geography, the use of the Globes and Maps, will have the shortest attention paid to their instruction, by the subscriber, at his Seminary for Young Ladies, no. 91 Beekman-street. GAD ELY.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Are just published by JONES BULL, no. 403 Pearl-Street, at 50 cents in boards, and 62 cents neatly bound and lettered; and may be had of the following booksellers: SAMUEL CAMPBELL, 214 Pearl-Street; WILLIAM FALCONER, corner of Pine and Water- Streets; JOHN HARRISON, no. 3 Peck-Slip; and JOHN FURMAN, in Broad-Street, opposite the city-hall.

ANDREW R. MILLER,

No. 99 William-Street,

IN addition to his assortment of DRY GOODS, has received a handsome assortment of Plain and Spangled paper Fans, richly Spangled Silk do. Plain black Paper and Crap do. Rich Cloak-Satin, different colors. Pelings, &c. Fine black and white Laces and Edgings. Fine India Book Muslins. Wadding for interlinings. Silk Velvet of different colors. Furniture Dimity. A large assortment of Satin and China Ribbons, worthy the attention of country merchants. 79 tf

GEORGE BUCKMASTER, BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-Street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship Yards, New-York.

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat shop from Water-Street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and oars as low as any in New-York.

NB. Sweeps and Oars of all sizes.

NEW NOVELS

For sale by John Harrison, Peck-Slip.

Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple, Emilia d' Varmont, or the Necessary Divorce, ALEXIS, or the Cottage in the Woods, Louis, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moat, Ambrois and Eleanor, Sorrows of Winter, Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes) Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins, Ambrois, or the Mouk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq; Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne, The Coquette, Children of the Abbey, Wieland, or the Transformation, Ormond, or the Secret Witness, Tom Jones, Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Wenzel, Camilla, Romance of the Forest, The Italian, Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun, Nature and Art, Gondalvo of Cordova, Arundel, Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baronet, Pamela, Simple Story, Man of the World, Fatal Follies, Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler, Fool of Quality, Mysterious of Udolpho, Mystic Courier, Select Stories, Count Roderick's Castle, Female Confinement, Edward, Madame d' Barneveld, Sutton Abbey, Zelma, Maurice, Audrey Forescue, Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichfield, Baron Trentham, Man of Feeling, Telemachus, Citizen of the World, Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random, Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benson, Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey, Netley Abbey, a Gothic Story, Perfidious Guardian,

Washington's Letters, Volney's Ruins, Mlop, Campbell's Journey overland to India, Junius's Letters, Cowper's Translation of Homer, American Spectator, Flowers of Modern Travels, Goldsmith's England, Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts, Johnson's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude, Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Thomson's Seasons, Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages, Columbiad Mule, Godwin's Political Justice, Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleasing Instructor, The Hive, Milton's Works, A Father's Instructions, Messiah, Elegant Miscellanies, Flowers of History, Freneau's Poems, Humphrey's Works, Jefferson's Notes, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Gibson's Surveying, Jones's System of Book-Keeping, Morse's Geography, &c. &c. &c.

JOHN WESSELLS,

LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,

No. 12 Barclay-street, near the Roman Chapel, Has for sale, an assortment of the most fashionable looking Glasses, with mahogany frames, which he will sell at the most reasonable terms. April 5, 1800. 97 tf

THOMAS PEDLEY,

Perfumer and Hair Dresser,

Respectfully informs the public that he continues his business at no. 119 Water-Street, near Crane-Wharf, where he has for sale, just from London, a complete assortment of Perfumery, and Ladies Braids of all sizes and colors, Gentlemen's Wigs and Scalps made on the shortest notice.

FILTERING STONES.

A pair of the best quality, extremely useful at sea, for purifying and cooling water, for sale, enquire at this office.

KOTZEBUE'S WORKS.

Just published, and for sale at N. Judah's Book Store, No. 47 Water-Street,

PIZARRO, a Tragedy, price 2s. LOVERS VOWS, a Comedy. COUNT BENYOWSKY, do. STRANGER, do.

CONSTANT LOVERS, or William and Jeanette, a Novel, price 6s.

Encomiums on the works of Van Kotzebue would be superfluous.

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by APPOINTMENT,

The True and Genuine

Dr. ANDERSON'S

Famous Scots Pills.

Printed and Published by

JOHN HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.